

4.

An BRIEF
EXPLANATION

Of the LIFE, or a Prophecy of the DEATH of the
Marquess of

ARGYLE,

With diverse Others thereupon.

Containing the most Remarkable, and Historical passages
of the Time, and is to be added to *Bibliotheca Mi-*
litum, Composed in *Scotish Rhyme* by C. C.
His Lordships Servitor, and is to be
sung according to old *Gray Steel*.

Prov. Chap. 17. verse 11.

An evil Man seeketh only Rebellion, Therefore a cruel Mes-
senger shall be sent against him.

Chap. 24. Verses 19, 20, 21, 22,

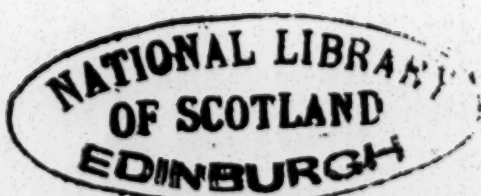
Fret not thy self because of evil men, neither be thou envious
at the wicked.

For there shall be no reward to the evil man, the candle of
the wicked shall be put out.

My Son fear thou the Lord, and the King: and medle not
with them that are given to changes.

For their calamity shall rise suddenly, and who knoweth
the ruin of them both?

Printed in the Year, 1686.



How now Argyle thinks thou to stand
 With thy deep Plots and bloody band:
 There most no house stand neigh to thee,
 But Achab-like, thy prey must be.
 If M^cnaughtain bruik Donderraw
 For forged Crimes he must tholl the Law;
 Long hast thou used this subtile way
 And prompt thy Neighbours to betray
 Take here a List what thou hast done,
 And in thy Crimes read thou thy doom.

Thy only Brother Lord Kintyre
 His Means thou took, and for
 his hire;
 A Tittle vain Irving him call'd,
 Where he had neither house nor
 hauld:

The M^cdonalds that ancient Clan
 Thou Ruin'd hast them every Man;
 Possess their Lands enjoy'd their States,
 And sent them to the hard high-gates.
 The Laird of Lamond who did bring,
 All of his Name to Aid his King,
 Therefore thou didst his Name destroy
 And spared neither Man nor Boy;
 His Lady fair and of thy Name,
 And Cousin near thou thought no shame:

To put her from house, let not at all
 Her nakedness to cover all.
 Prisoned himself, caus'd him to be.
 The object of Mens Charity.
 To other Clanns I need not tell,
 What thou has done thou knows thy Self,
 None did arise for Kirk and King,
 And acted but the smallest thing.
Mcallasters, McDowgalls all.
 Thou wrought their ruin and their fall.
 And the ancient *Mcavees*,
 Though collouring all with forged Lies,
 Mr. *John Stewart* who did reveal,
 Thy Traiterous Speech whom thou caus'd feel.
 The bloody Axe and without mead,
 At *Edinburgh* cut off his head,
 At *Glasgow* Synod, thou was he,
 Who first forsook His Majesty.
 Who caus'd division to spring,
 'Twixt Subjects and their Native King.
 It's thou who in the Nations three,
 First kindled fire, and shamefully.
 Burnt *Airlie* house on publick score,
 When old feud was the cause much more:
 And when our King subdued almost,
 The *English* Rebels to their coast;
 Thou with thy complices all,
 Plotted his Ruin and his Fall,
 Made up a League and Covenant,
 With the long lasting Parliament.

Sent in an Army strong and stout,
 Which put his Forces to the rout;
 At last thereby was brought so under,
 That he himself was forc'd to render:
 And when at the new work of *Trent*,
 He came into our *Scotish* Tents,
 With promises a new I troue,
 He should be safe from *English* crew,
 Yer (*Judas-like*) for greed of Gold,
 By thy means quickly was he sold;
 Let not the blame be on our Nation,
 But on thee and thy Generation.
 Before thou plotted this whole deed;
 Thou earnestly with the King did plead;
Montross his Army should disband,
 And he himself depart the Land;
 That being stript of all supply,
 Thou might him sell with more safety;
 And when some Loyal *Scots* did rise,
 For such a noble enterprise;
 To save our King and set him free
 On's Throne with Honour and Safety,
 Then thou from the Act did dissent
 As an unlawful engagement.
 And made the Kirk the same declare
 Because the Rule thou mentioned there:
 And when some Westland Whiggimeers
 With clouted pocks for Bandiliers;
 With Brancks and Sodds for Saddle Geir;
 With Club and Staff for Sword and Spear.

This

This in great number they drew out
 The Royal Party for to Root,
 Then thou who plotted all this deed
 To *Stirling* march't with all thy speed
Monroe he quickly beat thee there
 And made thee to the Fishing fair.
 Leaving thy Men waltering in Blood:
 Or else deep plunging in the Flood:
 Thus not succeeding a Devilish thing
 Thou plots for Butchering our King;
 The *English* Party thou brought in
 To subdue all that stood for Him.
 Their General thou did well entreat
 Conveyed him oft through our High-Street.
 Did Banquet him as he had been,
 Our Royal and our Native King.
 Shew him the Castle strong and his,
 A great presage of what should be:
 What more ye did when ye did meet
 In the Lady *Humes* in the fore Street.
 Tho keeped close the Result is plain
 It was to murder our Sovereign;
 When he return'd it is most clear
 Thy Lesson he kept well *perquire*.
 A Justice Court then called he
 Which did Arreign His Majesty,
 And condemned him a most horrid deed
 At his own House cut off his Head.
 A fact so vile, if punish'd be
 Hell must be hot for him and thee,

For .

For why Religion Laws and all
 Lyes yet still crushed with his fall.
Montross the Glory of our Land
 Who bravely for our King did stand:
 Him thou caus'd murther shamefully
 And made the Mapp of misery.
 And when our young Prince did come in
 On's Fathers Throne ov'r us to Reign:
 A noble Party he got anone,
 To keep him on his Righteous Throne.
 Then a false Trick thou did devise,
 To subdue his Forces. Himself surprise.
 As if all *Scots-men* might not fight,
 For their King and Countreis right.
 The true Commanders thou purg'd away,
 And kept the Knaves to loss the day.
 Thou for the King a while was bent,
 But yet upon a self intent;
 That (*Ann*) thy daughter Queen might be
 And Spouse unto his Majesty.
 Thus being flighted thou did turn
 Plyed with his Foes at *Lerber-burn*:
 Kept him from fighting where he might
 Have put his Foes all to the flight.
 And there thou caus'd his Host divide.
 So lost the one half on *Fyfe-side*
 Advised: from this Land to remove,
 As if Victorious he might prove.
 When he (alas!) wise men did see,
 It was but thy false Treachery.

That

That he and his might be cut down
 As it fell out at Wolster-town;
 Now the whole blood and villany,
 That's happned in thir Nations three.
 Lyes on thy score the which will tend
 To bring thee and thine to dismal end;
 It hath been Prophefied of old
 And by a Preacher then foretold.
 That mixed Mantle thou has one.
 In pieces shall be rent and torn:
 And humbly on thy knees thou'll bow
 And begg the Lairdship of *Lochow*;
 Yet not attain it but shall die,
 With others on a gallow tree.
 So let them perish great and small,
 That had a hand in our Kings fall;
 Amen, amen, so let them say,
 Who reads these Lines even every day.

F I N I S.

